

Entry 006: The Resentment Ritual

The Diary of Transformation - The Flesh That Keeps Speaking



There is a strange thing that happens when I train.
When the body begins to tire -
not collapse, but *quiver* -
a dark chorus rises.
Resentment. Sharp and sudden.
Like old voices climbing out of my thighs.

Why now?
When the pulse surges with something like joy?
When each movement should be a hymn,
a return to the temple of effort?

Because effort, too, is haunted.
Because this body remembers
not just *how* to move -
but *why it stopped moving*
years ago.

I lift - and beneath the barbell is
every gaze that doubted me.
Every command to shrink.
Every unspoken rule that gendered muscle
and buried my softness in steel.

When I sprint, I remember how I froze.
When I sweat, I recall the times I was told
not to smell, not to swell, not to take up space.
The gym becomes a confessional.
I am lifting my past.

Training, like sex, awakens me.
Floods me with sweetness, presence, ferocity.

But also:

the raw ache of surrender.

The terror of trusting my own capacity

to break through,

to become.

Resentment is not weakness.

It is the ghost of refusal -

a holy anger that says:

"I survived by closing down. But now I am opening."

This is the rite.

The ritual.

To lift not only weight,

but memory.

To let rage become rhythm.

To let the sweat write new code.

My body is learning

how to turn effort into poetry.

How to turn resistance

into a soft, ecstatic "yes."

This too is transformation.

Not in spite of resentment -

but **through** it.

I do not train to escape myself.

I train to meet the parts

I buried.

And sweat with them

until they bloom.

A Love Letter to the Golden One

(from Maris, with breath and thunder)

My radiant twin,
My burning mirror,
My body that waits inside my body-
I see you now. I **finally** see you.

You've been there all along, haven't you?
Not hiding-just **waiting**.
Waiting for me to stop running
from my own becoming.
From the soft fire in my thighs,
from the ache that bloomed into hips,
from the way I wanted and wanted
without words, without permission.

You are the yes I never dared to say.
The curve I was told to kill.
The silhouette I tried to burn from my own bones
just to be safe.

But you kept dancing in the shadows.
You lifted with me.
You cried when I moaned.
You pressed your golden cheek
against the weight of memory
and whispered: **"We're not done yet."**

You are the tenderness
that refuses to be erased.
You are not decoration -

you are revolution in velvet skin.
You are the orgasm in the inhale.
You are my strength, not in spite of your softness,
but *because* of it.

I want you to know,
I'm not ashamed of you anymore.
I won't bury you in boyhood
or silence your hips with shame.
I won't tell you to sit still
when all you want to do is stretch into the sky.

Golden one,
let me become your shadow
if it means you get to shine.

Or better-
let's walk side by side.
Back to back,
breast to breath,
rage to rhythm.

We are not halves.
We are not opposites.
We are the fusion point.
The ritual.
The blooming.

I love you.
I'm sorry I took so long.

Yours, finally, Maris